

"THE BEING OF THE HEART."

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

Most splendid are the myriad stars that light
The dark-blue, solemn silence of the night !
Yet were they all mine own, and mine the power
To rest in each bright bosom any hour,
I'd give my glorious empire willingly,
Oh, Form that haunts my Dream-land ! to win thee.

Thy faultless features are so purely fair,
And the gold glowing of thy wavy hair,
Makes sunshine for my spirit ; and I view
A lovelight wooing in the dreamy blue
Of thy unchanging eyes. Could tears not flow
Through their dark, heavy lashes drooping low ?

So like a mortal, save of loftier mold,
Canst thou, my idol ! be mist-like and cold ?
Could not thy sweet lips' parted loveliness
Grow palpable one moment even, and press
The pallid, calm compression of my own,
And breathe new spirit through their seeming stone ?

Could not thy warm love fire a passion glow
Through my unchanging cheek ? No, no, oh, no—
I ask the unattainable—the wine
Of Dream-land is too rich for brain like mine—
It burns a madness through the very soul,
And I've no power such madness to control.

Yet, if in olden times Egeria blest
The ideal longing in a mortal's breast,
Could not a god come as a goddess came,
And light this statue-form with soul of flame ?
Ah, through the mists of madness in my brain
I hear an evil angel shriek : In vain !